

THE HONOVR OF VERTVE.

OR

The Monument erected by the sorowfull
Husband, and the Epitaphes annexed
by learned and worthy men, to the im-
mortall memory of that worthy
Gentle-woman M^a Elizabeth

Crashaw.

Who dyed in child-birth and was buried in whit-
Chappell: Octob. 8. 1620. In the 24 yeare
of her age.

Psal. 112. 6.

The Righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

Prou. 10. 7.

*The memorie of the iust is blessed; But the name of the
wicked shall rotte.*



CHRISTO OPT. MAX.

PIETATI,

&

POSTERITATI

SACRVM,

&

PIÆ MEMORIÆ

ELIZABETHÆ

CONIVGIS DVLCISSIMÆ,

FOEMINÆ LECTISSIMÆ,

E CLARIS

SKINNERIANA,

&

EMERSONIANA.

FAMILIIS ORIVNDÆ.

IN QVA RARA FELICITATE

Pietas cum Pulchritudine,

Ingenium cum Virtute,

Forma cum Pudicitia,

Mirifice conveniebant.



THE MONVMENT,

To the honour of *Christ Iesuſ*,
To the praise of Pietie,
To the example of Posteritic,
And for the preferuacion of the
Godly memorie

OF ELIZABETH

His most worthily beloued Wife,
A Woman of a hundred,
A Wife of a thouſand,
Descended
Of the worshipfull Families the
Skinnerſ and *Emersonſ*.

In whom (by a rare coniunction,
So happy was ſhe, and ſo highly beloued of God)
Godlineſſe with Comelineſſe,
Wifedome with Virtue,
Beautie with Chauſtieſ,
Youth with Discretion,
and Discretion with Deuotion,
were moſt sweetly combined.

QVÆ IN PRIMO PV-
ERPERIO IN IPSO ENIXV

Animam Deo
Memoriam Mundo
Vitam Naturæ
Carnem Terræ
Patri Puerulum
Amicis Luctum

Conjugi mærorēm ineffabilem
Omnibus ingens sui-ipsius desiderium
Moriendo reliquit

W. CRASHAVIVS.

Hujus Ecclesiæ Rector Indignus
Coniux longe mæstissimus
Multis cum lachrimis.

LUGENS

LVBENS

INVITVS

POSVIT

CREDO QVOD REDEMPTOR
MEVS VIVIT.

VVho, In the Prime of her yeares,
vpon her first child,
by her first husband,
even in the very birth,
yeilded vp by vntimely death,
Her Soule to God : Her life to Nature.
Her Body to the earth :
Her memory to the world.
And left.

To the pensiue *Father* : a deere bought Sonne.
To her frends heauines hard to be removed.
To her husband Sorowe, not to be expressed.
And To all that knew Her, a longing desire after
Her, never (in this world) to be satisfied.

VVILLIAM CRASHAVVE
Her most sadd and sorowfull Husband,
Vnworthy *Pastor* of this Church,
Vnworthy Husband of such a wife.
Mourning for his owne vnworthines,
Yet reioycing In Her happiness.
Most vnwilling to part with Her,
But most willing to Honour Her, with many sighes
and Teares.
Dedicated this Monument,
In assurance of Her glorious Resurrection.

I know that my Redeemer liueth. Job. 19.

The Funerall Sermon was made by Doctor *Vffer* of Ireland, then in *England*, and now Lord Bishop of *Meath* in *Ireland*. It was her owne earnest request to him, that he would preach at the Baptisme of her Sonne, as he had eight yeares afore, being then also in *England*, at the Baptisme of her husbands elder sonne. Now because it proued to be beth the baptisme of the sonne and buriall of the mother, as she often said it would, he therefore spake out of this text: *1 Sam. 4.20.*

And about the time of her death, the women that stood about her, said vnto her, Feare not, for thou hast borne a sonne: but she answered not, neither did she regard it.

At which Sermon and Funerall was present one of the greatest Assemblies that euer was scene in mans memorie at the buriall of any priuate person.

This Text, His Sermon, and that Spectacle, made many a heauy heart, and such a Churchfull of weeping eyes as haue beeene seldome scene.

He vseth to be very wary, and moderate in commendation. But of her he said: Holines and the truth it selfe, forbad him to be silent. That which he obserued in her, was.

That besides her pietie, charitie, devotion, modestie, sobrietie, huswifery, and other worthy qualities, wherein she equalled the best: peculiarly in these she excelled:

1 Being yong, healthfull, and living in great content, and with a husband after her owne heart, yet she longed to leaue this life, and reioyced to thinke

or,

or speake or heare of the life to come.

2 Being yong, faire, comely, brought vp as a Gentlewoman, in musick, dancing, and like to be of great estate, and therefore much sought after by yong gallants, and rich heires, and good ioinctures offered, yet she chose a Diuine, twise her owne age.

3 Her extraordinary loue, and almost strange affection to her husband, expressed in such exceilent and well tempered passages of kindnesse, as is too rare to finde in one of her age, person and parts.

4 Her singular motherly affection to the child of her predecessor. A rare vertue (as he noted) in step-mothers at this day.

5 Her excellent disposition from her infancie; in that from a childe shee neuer offended her parents, nor was euer heard to sweare an oath.

6 Her husbands discretion being questioned by some, for such a chioise; and it being the common conceit, that by this mariage they had lost a good Preacher: contrariwise her comelinesse in attire, and excellencie of behauour graced him euery where; and her zeale in religion, her kindnesse to him, her care of his health, and her honorable estimation of his profession, encouraged him to do more then euer he did: insomuch as she was a principall cause of his beginning that Morning Exercise there, for which so many hundred poore soules do daily praise God.

VOTA ET LACHRIMÆ

Amicorum:

AD

Conjugem mæstissimum Vxoris
dulcissimæ

Disticha
Consolatoria.

Defunctamne putas quæ fato functa recessit?

Mortua, quid defles, Coniugis offa tua?

Tanto virtutum radiantem Sole suarum!

Et caelo Immisâ de Bonitate Bonam

Ad superos revocasse Deum nos credimus omnes

Teque sequuturum conscia fata vocant.

Quam tu sic placuisse Deo (Doctissime) nosti
concessisse Deo, quid gemibunde doles?

Manibus at gratare piis fæliciter actis
non minima hec veræ pars pietatis erit.

Timoth. Leucadelph. Med. D.

THE
MORNING

Teares of freinds, flowing from
their loue of the liuing, and the
Honour they bare to the deceased:

A VVORD
OF

Consolation to the sorrowfull Husband
of this most worthy Wife.

Beauty and vertue both together dwelt,
in her faire Breft:
Religious charity her gentle heart so felt:
that no vnrest:
Could stay her workes from louely piety,
nurft in her breft:
Yntill Reward of Immortality:
brought Her to rest.

Then mourne no more, wash of all Teares,
She inioyes Her Hopes, ands past all Feares.

The same.

TO THE MEMORIE of that worthy wife, and con- solation of the Sorowfull Husband.

*The want of Good in most men breedes repine
The losse of Good injoyed breedes discontent,
Thus they offend against the Powers Divine
That nor in lacke, nor leaving finde content.
As if our blessings were of this condition,
That did importe perpetuall fruition.*

*Occasion tenders triall, Here we finde
The best of Femals sooner lost then knowne.
As if Her Mate, the vertues of her minde
Or other Graces, mought not deeme his owne
Happy His loue, if he can pitch his Rest,
Vpon Her change that changed for the best.*

*Meane while, if to Her Worth, He freely pay,
Some parting teares, expressions of his moane:
If Others please to Sympathize that way (known
Since all that knew Her, knew her worth well!
That tributes but the guerdon of her merit,
VVho now the highest glory doth inherit.*

AN EPITAPHE Vppon that thrise wothry Gentle- woman M^{rs} Elizabeth Crashawe.

*Stay passenger, and fixe thine Eye,
To know who in this tombe doth lye.*

One modest, humble, faire, discrete,
Where true, and seeming worth did meeete.
What Good she knew, it was well knowne,
She knew it, but to make't her owne.
And yet return'd so large a rate
As few now found could imitate:
A matchles, yet a well matcht Bride,
Liu'd with her first Mate, and first died.
One harmeles Sonne she left, that owes,
His birth, vnto Her dijngs throwes.
Sad Husband, deerely did He buy,
The hopes of this vncertainty.

*Him we leaue mourning, Her at Rest,
And of thee, Reader, this request.
Spend, when thou hither doest repaire,
For Her a teare, for Him a prayer.*

*H. P. Lond. Ver. Diu. Con.
Cantab.*

EPITAPHIVM

fæminæ lectissimæ D. Elizabethæ Crashavie
in puerperio heu mortuæ.

Conditur hoc arcto Crashavia Eliza Sepulchrō,

In cuius laudes area lata patet :

Iacobi similis, Phineæq; celebribus illa

Coniugibus vita, morte simulque fuit.

Ore Rachela fuit, Pietate fuit Nurus Heli

Adis enim Domini zelus edebat eam.

Rara avis in terris nigroq; simillima Cigno

pulchra, pudica annis florida, sana fuit.

Fastus inest pulchris sequiturq; superbia formam
fastus ei ob formam, non tamen ullus erat.

Nonna Mater Gregorii Nazianzeni Nonna, sed hæc præter charo fuit Illa Marito
altra consiliis auxiliisque piis.

In nunc et sacris vel sanctam obstante Ministris
vixorem, mendax & sacra Roma doce :

Moribus illa suis hoc turpe revicit abunde
dogma tuum, eloquii oppositumque Dei.

At cur tamq; citò subitoq; recessit ab Orbe ?
desine mirari. Lector amice, dolens :

Fulguris effulgit, brevis atq; evanuit, instar
tam fulgens nequuit fax radiare diu :

Non erat hic mūdus, tam mundā dignus habere

Hinc fuit illa Polo redditia, raptæ Solo.

Calibus Dalechampius Sedanensis
Gall. Cantab. Emmam.

A dolefull description, and yet a ioy-
full commemoration of Her late life
on Earth, and her present state
in Heauen.

Faith in the soule, and *wisedome* in the heart,
Kindnes in nature, and in *virtue loue*;
Both in the *heaueny*, and the *humane* part,
A *Saint* on *earth*, in *heauen* an *Angell* pioue.

Mild, wise, kind, true, rare parts of lifes perfection,
Æsteemed worthy of most worthy loue:
Rules onely drawnen by a Divine direction,
Leading the heart, vnto the Soules behoue.

A blessed Soule, so many wayes so blest,
Neere to the notes of the *divinest nature* :
Decre to the *Heavens*, too deere on *Earth* to rest;
Though both desir'd and lou'd of euery creature.

Flie then to *Heauen*, thou *Bird* of *Phanix* brood,
Raigne with the *King* of *Kings* in *Gloryes* grace :
And see thy *Sauour* in thy *Spirits* good,
Vnpartiall-*pleading*, in thy *comforts* ease.

Now take thy *Rest*, thy *worke* is at an end,
Comfort and *grace* and *mercy* kindly meete :
Joyes of that hieight that highest graces send,
Seize on thy Soule, till thou and I do meete.

C. VV. Int. Temp.
Multis cu lachr.

Memoriæ et Honori Elizabethæ W. C.

Vxoris suavissimæ : fæminæ lectissimæ.
Mæstus Maritus, sic lugens quæritur
Tune Iaces .Mi cara Vxor, pars optima noſtri
Tune iaces gremio tam cito raptæ meo?
Heu minium lachrimosa dies, cur amplius aura
vescor, si extincta est optima pars animæ?
Quid faciā ab faciā? sine Te mihi singula fordan
singula vilescent, dulcia felle madent.
Omnia sunt lachrimæ sine Te, fidissima Coniux
omnia sunt luētus, omnia nulla mihi

Defuncta sic responderet.

Pone modum lachrimis Coniux, compesce querelas
Quid quereris? iustus vult nisi iusta Deus
Parce igitur lachrimis, melior mihi vita reperta est
In terris labor, hic, optima, crede, quies
Non tumulis titulis ve opus est Insignibus : Ipsi
mi pietas sanctum nomen ad astra refert :
Hoc te soletur, mea quod sanctissima vita
mollē mihi extrema morte paravit Iter.

Ambrosius de Bruyn
Belga.

Amoris ergo.

A poore memoriall of the rich
worth of that Matchlesse
Mistresse Crashaw.

Marble never wept for woman,
In whom Goodnes tooke more pleasure:
Iuster greife yet fell to No man,
Then to Him that lost this Treasure:
What his Joye a while did borrow,
Heauen was pleas'd to take againe:
To match His patience with a Sorrow,
That might shew His worth to men.
For Instance, let this fadd frame tell,
The vertues deckt this Mirrours life:
And then the Reader may Iudge well,
What t' was to part with such a wife.
Religion was her soules delight,
Good workes her Recreations were:
To th' poore as free as aire and light,
That shedd their comforts evry where.
Young, faire, wise, comely, yet refus'd,
Both youth, and braueries golden Rayes:
And dubble her owne age she chus'd,
With a Divine to spend her dayes.
Her Husband in her Truth reioyc'st,
Her Parents in her faire Respect,
Which makes her euer to be voice't,
A blessed part of Gods Elect.
Her Memory fills all good mens eyes,
Her Soule in her Creators keeping,
And here that Body onely lyes,
Glory will wake, in peace now sleepeing.

R. Boothe. Cantab.

CARMEN LVGVBRE
SIVE

Prosopepæia.

Dominæ Elizabethæ Crashaviæ

Pientissimæ, fæminaæ, famæ formæq;

Integerrimæ. Sui ipsius funeris

προαγγέλιον. Quæ partui iam propinqua

filium se vna emissuram xitamque

amissuram, sepiuscule est præfata.

Asclepiadeum

cum

Glyconico.

Esto sic rapidis meta doloribus,

Nox suprema meis: usque ego Posteris

Dicar quam minimum credula: Nunc mei

vates haud vaga funeris.

O. Consors thalami, Me mihi charior

O charum caput eheu quoties sonos

Hos ex Ore dedi: lux tua, nox mea

Nec, Nata, Invideo Tibi.

Esto, sic morior, Meq; resemino.
Ales haud secus ac Nobilis: ossibus
E nostris oritur pullulus vltima

Materno cineri sacra

Solvens & faditicam jam tibi Coniugem
En Coniux, sobolem iamq; superstitem.
Hunc in fasciolis ecce reconditum

Illam Cælitibus Paren.

Ergo quid dolcas, plus nimio Memor.
Heu mitis Sociæ? quid miserabiles
effundas gemitus? Non pietas mea,

Non servata tori fides,

Non gratæ Charites, aut tacitus pudor,
Non Astræa suis iuncta sororibus
E læthi laqueis expedient caput,

Votis aut precibus meum.

Quid si Mors celeri me pede proruit
Immatura? tamen desine, desine
Clamorum: cita mors abstulit ut cito
Sanctorum insererer choro.

Io. Kidd. Cant. M. Art.

To the neuer dying Memory of
that most vertuouse Gentlewoman, and
euer worthy to be remembred Mrs.

Elizabeth Crashawne.

The Phænix rare from whom the Sunne alone,
can truely boast of a Conception.

Her spiced nest being kindled by His fire : 'spire
Her deere bought young ones life makes hers ex-
What here the Poets faine of her to please withall
Is truely paralleld in this sad funerall.

This rare blest wife. Her Infant Birthright gaue
And (loving mother) diggd her selfe a graue.

A Phænix sure she was. if vertuouse, merit
may what shes heire to without wronge inherit.

If loue, if zeale if euer chaste desires,
kept vertues lore, and quencht the Paphian fires.
That boile 'ith vaines of wanton beawtyes, shée
engrost all this by her faire modestie.

If then thou weepst not Reader, yet tho'lt say,
Death hath in her, snateht too much good away.
And if thy needy Muse can force no verse,
Yet to Her memory this or the like rehearse.

Her life was vertues frende, vertue & shée,
lived here a while, and now eternally.

Geo. Williams Oxon.

AN ELEGIE, OR MOVR NEFVLL ME-

ditation vpon the vncertainty, and vanity of
this life, occasioned vpon the vn-
timely and deplorable death of that
thrise worthy Gentlewoman M^{rs}.

*Elizabeth Crashawne: of whom
the world was not worthy.*

O Earth, Earth Earth, O all mortality,
Know God is iust, and thou meere vanity:
Fooles talke of Fortune, lotts, misgiving, chance,
Fooles talke of dreames, and of the Fayryes dance:
Trippings of horses, bleeding at the nose,
Itching of elbowes, and rat eaten hose.
Tingling of eares, and crosseing of a Hare,
Sparkling of fire, and changing of the ayre:
Schriching of owles, and of blacke Rauens crooking
Howling of doggs, of cocks and chickens drooping.
Of spinnings spiders, of a swallows neast,
Of dismall dayes, and of a sullen feast:
Fooles cast their figures, and beleue that true,
And onely that which their lewd schem doth shew:
Fooles talke of plotts, and politike Inuention,
This was too soone, and that did want preuention.

Thus all the world is dull and dim of sight,
No heart knowes truth, no eye doth see aright:
Nothing in earth so deepe, in heauen so high,
But serues for some kinde of Idolatry.

O dulled earth, O brain-sick vanity,
Canst thou not see that high Supremacy ?
That prouidence of all commanding power,
Lord of all time, disposer of each hower ;
Eye searching all things, turning heart and soule,
Hand guiding all things, where none can controle,
Onely almighty, wise, good, euer being,
All knowing, giuing, guiding, and all seeing. (know
Whose counsells now can search, whose ways none
But humbled harts, to whom he please them shew,
(Oh few they be, ah seldom such appeare,
Participants of that that is so deere.)
From, by, of whom the world and all things are,
All life, all death, all rest, all peace, all warre,
Whose becke all powers in heauen and earth & hell
Obay as Ministers for them that dwell
On earth as Instruments of richest blessing,
To holy harts, vnto the rest of cursing.
Nothing so narrow in the world so wide,
That cannot stop the course of boundlesse pride :
Nothing so little in the world so great,
That cannot bridle fooles, and quenche their heare.
Looke every corner search with eye and minde,
All haue their maladics and deathes of kinde :
Kinде and vnkindely, maladyes and death,
All meete with man to strike and stop his breath.
O Earth, Earth, Earth, oh all mortality,
Know God is truе, and thou more vanity :
Dar'ſt thou presume to say he sinned moſt,
Who by vntimely death giues vp the ghost,
Or think'ſt thy ſelfe with better blessings ſped,
That ſhe in childbrith, thou diſe in thy bed ?

Oh

Oh learne the best goe first, the worser remaine,
Either to amend, or kept for greater paine.
The falling of the tower did not fore tell,
Those greatest sinnes were on whom it fell.
Presume not then to judge why deere ones perish,
To other men, whilst thou and thine do florish :
Judge not but tremble, search what God doth teach
If to such wisedome, thou canst happily reach.
Iudgement beginneth at the house of God,
Then what's their end that never feele his rod?
The best are made examples to the worst,
Destructions follow, Chastisements goe first.
Great troubles euer be for stronge harts,
That weake by them may learne to beare their parts.
Here rest that *Rare One*, whose life and death do
The truth of this to all, that truth wil know. / show
Lvery years so few, her warker were so many,
As in these times God seldom grants to any,
Chast, faire, wife, humb'e, Godly, yet sweetly mild
Blessed of God, beloued of man and childe :
Her time was short, the longer is her reke,
God takes them soonest whom he loueth best.
For he that's borue too day, and dyes to morrow,
Looseth soone dayes of joy, but yeares of sorrow.
Then judge not others, spare thy bitter censure,
And leue each one to boare his owne aduenture.
Thinke not that every shipp dasht one a shelle,
Bore greater sinnes in it then thy selfe :
Fool search thy selfe, thy marrow faines & minde
More rockes, more gulfis, more monsters shalt thou
In thy owne bowells, in thy heart & braine, (find.
Then all the world without thee doth contayne.

Say

Say not, I care not, its *he or shee* that's gone,
Gods patience tryes thee long, at last paycs home.
The Godly haue their rod, their chaitement,
The wicked haue their plague, their punishment;
Holy are they and much of God beloued
Whose patient constant faith is strongly proued,
But curld they and not of God approued,
Who by such spectakles are nothing moued.
Aske and obserue : obserue with admiration,
Since good Prince *Henry* great hope of our nation :
Chang'd this dull kingdome for a shining crowne
How many which then stood, are now falee downe
Obserue not that alone but this as most, (lost.)
What they haue beene, which since this land hath
What they were like to proue, what need may be,
Of such, in some pointes which this land may see :
This thought, sad thought, ab fills me full of teares,
I cannot now write all, write all my feares ;
Happy thole soules (per' anter some may say)
Whose happy lott was first to flie away :
I say not so, I wish it were not so,
Sorrow and griefe may vtter too much woe.
But sure I am, Gods scourges there are shaken,
Whence in short time so many good are taken :
And yet it may be I doe err in this,
I thinke I may and pray my feares may misse.
But likewise pray, and pray with all my hart
And pray that every good man beare a part:
To earne with trembling that the power aboue,
Doth what Him please, our stubborn hart to prote
Then after warning giuen, if none repent,
Fullnesse of sinne, brings vtmost punishment.

One

One may be taken in her flower and prime,
They that liue longer do but stay Gods time :
And let not Him or Her whom God doth touch,
In taking deere Ones from them greiue or grutch,
Nor lessen his offence, nor finde excuse,
But build thereon this constant holy vse.
" To say, O Lord tis I thy rod falls right
" Tis I haue done this euill in thy sight :
" And so deserued that thou shouldest take away,
" My ioy, my sweetest comfort and my stay :
" Yet greater comfort Lord I finde in thee
" And say it's good thou haft thus humbled mee.
" Go forward, worke thy worke, correct me still,
" Submit my soule to thy most holy will :
" Informe, conforme my will, so make it thine,
" That nothing in this world I may call mine.
" Child, wife, nor will, but all resigned to thee,
" Whose iudgements iust, whose wayes are verity :
" Take what thou wilt, thou takest but thine owne
" By me and mine Lord let thy power be knowne ;
" That thou maist know vs in the world to come,
" Uniting vs to Thee, that's all and Some :
That's more then all the world that's *all in all*
Then cease your censures, barker great and small:
O Earth, Earth, Earth, O all mortality,
Know *God is all*, and all else vanity :
Inquire not then, but turne and tune thy tongue,
Vnto an euerlasting certaine song.
Repent and feare God and sing with me,
Sing to thy Soule this constant verity :
My weary soule returne vnto thy rest,
God is thy strength, thou canst not be opprest.

To

To my deere Cosen Master VV.C.
A consolatory Elegie vpon the vntimely and
deplorable death of the truely vertuous, and
worthy of eternall memory, Mistris
Elizabeth Crashaw his late sweet
yoake fellow.

Mild, gracious, modest, comely, constant wife,
Matchles for pietie and spotlesse faire:
All wordes want force, her merit to comprise,
Complete in all Grace, Art, or Nature clame.
An honour of her Sexe: blest vertues pride,
True beautyes parterne, mighty natures wonder:
In Her *Pandora* like there did reside:
All Graces others doe possesse asunder.

Great *Ione* resoluing that this lustruse starr,
Should hence vnto its proper Orbe ascend,
Caus'd nature first to wage vntimely warr:
The *Perse* then her thred of time to end.

One Bird of paradise this *Phenix* left,
To console Her *Turtle* mourning *mar*,
Whereof sterne Death Him hastily bereft:
To *test* his faith, and shew the worst of fate.

Great is His losse, yet may he not repine,
That these the death of all the world haue died,
Since they are best, more they are now diuine:
He happy that injoyed so blest a bride.

Fr. Smith, Cantab.

HER
Answeare to them all.

IT Is not I that dye, I doe but leaue an Inne,
Where harbored was with me, against my will, much
(sinne:
It is not I that dye, I doe but now begin,
Into eternall life by Death to enter in.

why mourne you then for me deere Husband, friends and
Lament you whe I lose, why weepe you, when I win. (kin

F I N I S.